

Castle Heimra she resolves that half of that AX, which had been collected for thirty years, shall be restored to the crofters.

Purdia, dising with Miss Stantey and her companion, over the wine discloses his poculiar bitterness coward the tonants of the estate. He tells how, at his instigation, that young lady's late uncle drained the lock and tore down the oasile in revenue because the natives would not recognize changes in their names corresponding with their changed ownership.

In with their changed ownership.

Strone, manned by two trusty Highlanders. Waiting for night to fair he lands by the light of the stars his little carge of smuggled French brandy and slows it in "The Cave of the Crowing Sock." His men inform him that seems young crofters are ready at his word to cause the choosious factor to be killed by some sceming accident. He warms them against so dangerous a crime.

Mary, unattended, taking an early morning walk, muses not he stories of young Donaid's wildness, and encounters a pretty, simple Highlandgirl, who answers her greeting in Gaelie, trustfully pats her hand, but trus off when whe sees the factor approaching. She resolves to learn that language. After a day spent in interrogating tensus, all of whom grumble about everything clas, but maintain a mysterious silence on the subject of rent, abe observes a man peaching for salmon on the stream at twilight whom she divines to be Donald Ross.

CHAPTER V.

THE MEALL-NA-FEARN BOG. And once again a wild, clear, breezy morning—the sea a more brilliant blue than ever—the heavy surge bursting like a bombshell on the rocks of Eilean Helmra, and springing some sixty or seventy feet in the air.

Altogether a joyous and glad-lening sight-from the several windows of this spacious room in the tower; but nevertheless Kate, who was far from being a foolish virgin, observed that the wind must have backed during the night to the south, and therefore she began to talk about waterproofs. For Mr. Purdie was leaving to-day; and the two girls, thrown upon their own resources, had planned an excursion to those portions of the estate they had not yet visited—the higher moorland districts; and of course, that had to be accomplished on foot. They did not propose to take a guide with them; they would simply go along to the "march" beyond the little hamlet of Crusgan, and follow the boundary line across the hills. Sooner or later they would strike either the Corrie Bhreag or Glen Orme, with the lower parts of which they were acquainted.

And so, with some snack of luncheon in their pocket and a leather drinking cup, and with their waterproofs over their arm, they set out-the sunlight pleasant around them, an odor of seaweed in the air. This was to be a little bit of a holiday-for this one day, at least, there were to be no persistent and patient inquiries met by sullen replies, no timid proffers of friendship answered by obdurate silence. And yet as they neared the village Mary was re-

him. Perhaps he will have a ittle more English now."

There was no time to be lost—the horses were turning. She stepped across from the road.

"May I interrupt you for a moment?" I want to ask you."

"May I interrupt you for a moment? I want to ask you—"
Well, the gray bearded man with the shaggy eyelrows did check the horses—perhaps he meant to give them a rest at the end of the drill.

"Oh, thank you," said Mary, in her most gracious and friendly way. "I only wished to ask you whether Mr. Purdle had told you that there was to be no more tax for the dike, and that there was to be fifteen years of it given back."

The Russian looking crofter regarded the shafts of the plough without removing his hands; and then he said:—

"Yes—he was saying that."

the plough without removing his hands; and then he said:

"Yes—he was saying that."

Not a word of thanks; but perhaps—she generously thought—his Emplish did not go so far.

"It is good dry weather for ploughing, is it not?" she remarked at a venture.

There was no reply.

"That very old man," she asked, "who is he—is he your father?"

"Yes."

"It seems a pity he should be working at his age," she went on, wishing to show sympathy. "He ought to be sitting at the cottage door, smoking his pipe,"

"Every one will have to work," said the elderly crofter, in a morose sort of way; and then he looked at his horses.

"Oh well," said Mary, blithely, "I hope to be able to make it a little easier for you all. This hand, now, how much do you pay for it? What is your rent?"

"It—thirty shillings an acre."

"Thetty shillings an acre."

rent."
"It—thirty shillings an acre."
"Thirty shillings an acre."
That is too much,"
said she, without a moment's besitation. "Surely
thirty shillings an acre is too much for indifferent
land like that."
The small, suspicious eyes glanced at her furtively.



THE OLD VOMAN BREWED A MOST POTENT LIQUOR. "I not saying it too much," he made answer,

slowly.

"Oh, but I will consult Mr. Pucdle about it," said ste, in her pleasantest way. My own impression is that thirty shillings an acre is only asked for very good land. But I will inquire; and see what can be done. Well, good morning, I musu't take up your

good land. But I will inquire, and see was conditione. Well, good morning, I muso't take up your time."

She was coming away when he looked after her.
"I not saying—lt—too much rent," said he; and then he turned to his plough; and his laborious task was resumed.

"Isn't that odd?" said Mary, as they were going along the highway again. "None of them seemed auxious to have their rents reduced. All day yester-day—not a single complaint?"
"Well, Mary," said Kathchen, "I don't know; but I can guess at a reason—perhaps they are afraid to complain."

gradually. Very soon it was not of wet feet they were thinking.

For when they accended the opposite hill—entering upon a still wilder region than any they had as yet traversed-they became aware that all the world had grown much darker; and when at length they beheld the far ling of the sea, it was of a curviously livid, or leaden hue. The wind was blowing hard up on these heights; now and again there was a sting of moisture in it—the flying precursor of the rain. But the most ominous that inter was a sting of moisture in it—the flying precursor of the rain. But the most ominous that inter was a sting of moisture in it—the flying precursor of the rain. But the most ominous that inter was a sting of moisture in it—the flying precursor of the rain. But the most ominous that seemed fishing all along the western horizon; while the sea underneath was growing unnaturally black. Rising and spreading those clouds were, and swiftly; with a strange and alarming appearance—as if the earth were about to be overwhelmed. They looked close and near, morrover, though necessarily they must have been miles away. At first the two girls did not mind very much; all their strength was needed to withstand the buffetings of the wind; indeed, there was a kind of joyance in driving forward against the ever-increasing gale, though it told on their parting cleasts. They had to shout to each other, if they wished to be heard.

"He glaned at her and her companion with some swift securing." You will find a fire in the widow's cottage.

"You might show us the way," said Kathehen, half

"Where is the 'march,' Mary?"

"I haven't seen any trace of it. this side of the Garra.

But of course were in the said her and her companion with some swift securing.

"You might show us the way," said Kathehen, half

gradually: Very soon it was bot of west feet thuy presented by the control of the



Picture of a Youngster Who Threw Kisses for Italian Pennies



HOPE that a great many young Americans have seen Rome.

Americans travel so much, and are so often accompanied by their children, that I am sure a great number of boys and girls have seen the most of cities. .There are so many chil-

dren on every steamer crossing the Atlantic. They form an important feature of one's existence during the voyage. If one likes children they are an entertaining feature; they seem to enjoy themselves so much. If one is not fond of them, and seasickness makes one

cross, I days say they sometimes seem noisy.

For my part I like to lie in my steamer chair and watch them play shuffleboard and throw the ropa rings, and I amuse myself by wondering how they will like London, and if they will be interested in the Tower; whether they will care for Paris, and what thoughts the Coliseum, with the wild beasts' dens and the stories of the gladiators and the vestal virgins, will awaken in their practical little American minds.

AMERICAN CHILDREN ABROAD. The dearest thing I saw in Florence the last time I was there was a delightful little American boy of seven, and one of the most charming and suggestive in Rome was a small fellow about the same age, who sat surrounded by the stately wonders and spaces of St. Peter's, his bright, eager, thoughtful child face upturned to his mother and father, who were sitting and talking together near him. I have become quite clever in recognizing American and English faces, and I knew this little boy was an American, and there was something in his clear, wide-awake eyes that made me want to stop before him and hold out my hand and say:-"Come with me and I will show you the wonder-

cushion or something which had been forgotten, and so we waited, and my pretty begger saw us.

He was very faithful to the exigencies of his prefession. I noticed alterward that he always stopped playing when he saw any one approaching to whom his business institucts maght him he might apply, and he siways trotted after them quite far enough to give them a fair trial. So seeing the carriage with the two horses and a comparatively resplendent coachman waiting before the courtyself entraines of the big hotel and saging that it contained "foresiers"—ladies in velvet and fursione of whom even leaned against a crimson silk cushion—he felt that this was a business opportunity not to be neglected, and came running across the square followed by his companions. I suppose it was the orimeon cushion which caused him to single me out, or perhaps he had seen me smilling at his prottiness as he ran toward us in the sum-certainty both he and his friend directed their active attention to me.

BEGGING WIFE ARCHNESS.

Only a little Italian begger, and a professional beauty at that could have begged as he did—with such gayety and coaxing, and such perfect freedom and friendliness. It was not his role to say, "Je meur de faim"—his was a comedy part—and in the company of two he was the "leading gouldman," because, though his companion was almost as pretty as he, and did the same things and repeated the same words, one felt sure he had not originated them. I had an idea that he admired his friend very much, and respected his professional talents immensely and adored him.

"Bella Signora," they both clamored gayly, showing their white test and dimples and jumping up and down, holding out little soft brown paims, "Bella Signora," they both clamored gayly, showing their white test and dimples and jumping up and down, holding out little soft brown paims, "Bella Signora," they both clamored gayly, showing their white test and dimples and jumping up and down, holding out little soft brown paims, "Bella Signora, in adding, with bella nigno

"Bella Signora, an sodding out little soft brown paints, "Bella Signora, an soddine." (Beautiful lady, a little penny; oh, come now, beautiful lady, a little penny; oh, come now, beautiful lady, a little penny; oh, come now, beautiful lady, a little penny; oh, come now has the penny; oh, come now has the penny; oh, come now has the postulatory way. Nothing could possibly have been more coaxing than that "ma." He made it express so much. "Oh, come now," it seemed to say, "You are a milady inglese. You go out in a grand carriage with the big horses. You go out in a grand carriage with the big horses. You do to the Pinclo and listen to the music. You have a purse full of little pennies and sliver pieces in your pocket. And see how pretty I am, and how soft and bright my eyes are when I laugh at you. Oh, come now, what do little pennies matter to miladies like you?"

And he laughed all the time and loosed at me with such gay confidence in my friendliness and admiration. I suppose he had studied faces too long not to understand the sort of smile that meant at least two or three seld. I am always being told it is wrong to encourage beggars, but I am afraid I do encourage them disgracefully sometimes. I took a neat handful of sold out of my purse and bent over the side of the carriage. Haff I put into one seft little brown paw and half into this other, laughing into the bright, mellow dark eyes that laughed back at me, and when I pus the coins down I gave each dusky, saft paw a little pain. I could not remember that these were small professional beggars.

It seemed as if Boy and the Socialist were five years old again and their lovely mop of hair were dark instead of golden, and they were dancing about begging for pennies. No little beggars could have been bolder or gayer or more assured than Boy and the Socialist were. They were quite professional as far as I was concerned, and they were always sure they would got their soldin. Whit ma actonishing thing it would have seemed to the passers by to have seen a Signora In



Soldi and amiles every day for a few weeks would certainly have made us quito intinate, and I could have talked to him quito freely because my companion, who is always with me, is an Italian young lady who speaks several languages, and can always explain what I wish when I am not fluent enough to explain it myself. We both of us feel on more intimate and friendly terms with Italian than with French or German or English beggars.

Thad intended to remain in Rome until after the Easter fotes and coremonles, and I was beginning to feel very well and happy in those first beautiful sunshine and flower flooded days of the carly known and the state of the sunshine and flower flooded days of the carly known and support of the sunshine and flower flooded days of the carly known and the sunshine and flower flooded always the carly known and the sunshine and flower flooded and set of the many prettain wherea boy with create a duck as his lay waiting for me with cheeks and hands het with fever.

But before that letter came I had seen my little beggar every day. Every time my carriage passed out of the court yard of the hotel he came running for his soldini in the most delightful spirit; every day for his soldini in the most delightful spirit; every day to and his companion laughed and dauced and showed their dimples and white teeth and kissed their hands, and every day I was rather tempted to coax the leading gentleman into my carriage and take him on my knee for a drive on the Pincio. I wanted also to take him to a grand confeccioner's on the Corso and say to him, "You may have whatever you like." I wonder if he would have quite loat his little wits with wonder and delight, or it he would have been practical enough to fill his bright colored bandit's jacket with sufficient indigestion to cast a slight glow over the remainder of his cristence, after he had recovered from it.

My companion always used to say a few words to him for me when I gave him his soldini.

"He smiled charmingly, but shook his head." No, signers."

"It

PARADOXICAL.

"They are so heavy,"

"Your contributions to light literature are wonderful in one respect," said Bibby. "And that is what?" asked Scribby.